V()L. XXX. eldseries.

# BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1866.

NEW SERIES VOL. 1. NO. 21.

DEMOCRAT AND STAR

others due after the first macricon.

TO OFFICE-In Shire's Block, Corner of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, JACORY & IKELER.

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

### THE REVEILLE.

BY COL. JOHN G. FREEZE. The some of Columbia are gathering again.
To fight a true battle with might and with main,
'Gainst Error, and Falsehood, and all their dack train.
"Nob Mountain" slill stands on his fast anchored

. hasq...
And watches intently each chance in the race.
And calls to each voter to spring to his place.
They come from the farm house far up on the hill.
From the cruek side where rumbles the old water. And the barsh grating saw, for the moment stands

Behold where they stretch in magnificent line, 'Mid the high rolling bills and dark torests of Pinz. The brave boys of Jackson from duty ne'er swerved. And have sworn the old Union must still be preserv-

There yeomanry, hardy of hands and of wills. Old Schantoar rolls from her evergreen bills. Where Guzzawdoon their shadows cast over the Our boys are awake, and will beat them again. Where Manusca's spirit keeps good watch and ward. The people his teachings and doctrines regard. Where Basron, secure 'mid the bills stretches out, The brave fellows raily with many a shout. Old Fishingcases calls for a place in the froy. And is good for Two hundred hurra, boys, burra! And On awar remembers the meeting of yore, And will stand by the fing though the battle may roar, The boys from the CENTRE are marching all right,

wider to shoulder the contest invite. Old Barascass wanders the willows among. And her sons gather strength while marching along And flanwicz full gallantly comes to the fiebt. For strong is her will, though as t great is her might Score, miniful how nearly the for was o'ercoms. Is up and aiert at the sound of the trum. And Broom claims to have, though in numbers to

The boys that will answer at every call. From the hills of Mount Pleasant we hear a hurra, The flag floats a oft, they are victors to-day. The hundreds of HKKLOCK are moving as one, And there will the contest be speedily won And gallant Montoun though ber numbers are few, Is always propared her full duty to do.

Beyond, where the bright Susquehanna still cuns, Beave old Carawissa to more listing her sous, A hand of unwavering Persocrats raise. The flag - Where the Locust its flowers displays. Where BOARINGCREEK thunders, the yeomen And show themselves men of position and worth.

In Prayects the hoyeare astir, and they say For Clymer of Berks they eas carry the day. And the legious of Convigual bound to be free, And little Curracts will ant be out done. But will see that this full her first battle is won.

They're coming from SEAVER, two hundred or more, To help us the Union we leve, to restors. And Mirrain responds with a thundering shout, She'll give to the foe a "Speck starick" rout. And the cheering rolls on till it echoes again. On the hill sides that bound the fierce township of

# COMMUNICATIONS.

Abolitionists and Abolitionism. NO 11. THE ENEMIES OF THE CONSTITUTION, UNION AND LIBERTY IN COUNCIL.

over the cities and fields. Then the dark- love darkness rather than light, because their Augusta now and then, having known me as my poor darling.

In a hall hung with black, and lighted by the all, red glimmer of a single lamp, seven ab-itionists, crowned and robed in purple, were setting upon seven seats of iron. In the cen-tre of the hall was raised a throne composed of the bones of dead Democrats, and at the foot of the throne, in place of a footstool, there was a liberty-pole cut to pieces; and before the throne a table of ebony, on which were a vessel filled with blood, red and foaming, and a human skull. And the seven crowned Abolitionists seemed thoughtful and guilty, and from the depths of their hollow sockets their eyes from time to time darted forth sparks of livid fire. And one of these Abolitionists rose and with tottering pproached the throne and trod under he liberty-pole. At this moment his trembled, and he appeared ready to The others gazed at him motionless; features, and an unearthly smile con-d their lips. Then he who had seemed ready to faint put forth his hand, seized the vessel, poured the blood out into the skull and greedily drank, and the draught appeared to strengthen him. Raising his head, this cry came from his breast like the hollow

ed be Andrew Johnson who is trying estore the lawful rights and liberty to the

ose with one accord, and together th

"Cursed be Andrew Johnson whose policy is to restore constitutional liberty to all the people of this Republic."

people of this Republic."

Then resuming their iron seats, the first said: "My brethren, we are Abolitionists, what shall we do to stifle liberty? for our what shall we do to stifle liberty? for our reign is over if hers begins. We have a common cause; let each now propose that which seems to him best for us. Listen to my counsel. Before Johnson came into power, who could stand before us; we controlled Lincoln and he controlled the officers, and they controlled the soldiers and in this way we fraudulently carried the elections for three or four years, and had everything our own way, d—m Booth, for he or the Lord, made a great mistake in taking "honest old Abe away from us;" therefore let us change and

And they all said, "It is good counsel. — Let us abolish the Constitution and Union

of the Fathers."

And all answered, "let us abolish science and thought."

sel. Let no report come from without into our abolition districts. Proscribe the freedom of speech and of the press."

them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and

And the fourth also drank of thered foam-

and the people will ruin us." And the fifth having twice filled the hu-

them. The Reconstruction, or Destruction then that, as I said, I saw him. thing for us. They speak and it is done, they it later; I liked him from that very moment. she spoke. But I betrayed neither his se- I scarcely expected to see you," I said. command and the nigger stands fast.

er for us. Would you govern men easily, enervate them | cepting his umbrella. That I detested.

ing them with Green-backs.

Then the seventh crowned Abolitionists ness as a man is to go about with one, gain over the professed priests of Christ .- | -not merely then, but ever afterward .we may do and order, and the people will think me old now that he saw me. believe them and obey for conscience sake ;

cy. Let us gain over the Priests by corrupa starless sky hung heavily over our nation, like a black marble dome ever a tomb, and nothing interrupted the silence of night but a a very strange sound, like the flapping of great ness. (May God grant that this may soon "Augusta, I have something to say to you." wings, which from time to time was heard be the fate of their whole party, for they all my heart began to beat. He used to call me you to the sea side. You must have a change ness thickened, and every patriot felt his soul deeds are evil.) Then a voice was heard say- a child, but never had he said it so kindly as shrink into itself, and a shudder run through ing (to a good man, who, at that moment this evening. States, and prayed for the peace of the people,) "The day of deliverance approaches, preserve the right, adore and fear not." JEFFERSON.

be more stable than ever before.'

Died of Grief. A touching incident is related by the Milwankee Wisconsin, as having occurred in that city lately. About two years ago Mr. Strausburg purchased for his child, six years months ago the dog was run over by the team him. The grief of the little fellow was inexpressible. He cried incessantly, and called continually for his companion. The father, so delightfully innocent. And what do you always did mean to make a will in my favor, to quiet his grief, had the dog's hide stuffed, but it satisfied the child only for a day.—
Another dog, similar in appearance, was them. My aunt's health had been failing of piano, which had been bought for me, and a me. to quiet his grief, had the dog's hide stuffed. one's attention from the object upon which it was fixed, but without success. For a week he lay in his little bed, hugging the stuffed dog-skin close to him, moaning frequently, just above a whisper, and sometimes or a cowardy who dance, and sometimes on the furniture, for which as he said truly enough, I had no without success. For a week he lay in his little bed, hugging the stuffed dog-skin close to him, moaning frequently, just above a whisper, and sometimes or a cowardy who dance, and some the furniture, for which are very fine, and the furniture, for which were very fine, and the furniture, for which were very fine, and the furniture, for which as he said truly enough, I had no dare lead the wish and looked up with a success. For a word of a cowardy who dance, and sing, and dress in fashion on the which were very fine, and the furniture, for a home. I burst of a home. I burst of a home of the furniture duentry, just above a whisper, and sometimes breaking out into paroxysms of grief, and calling loudly for Willie. He would eat very little, and every day when food was given him, he would offer it first to the object beside him, and upon no attention being paid

The was an outeast, I said, looking at or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a during the dark days that followed. I had him, he would offer it first to the object beside him, and upon no attention being paid

At length, at my request, he left me. I grew to his desire, would throw it aside.

One day the child's grief had settled into that quiet, half slumbering state that so plainly speaks an approaching dissolution.—
the asked his mother, as he had done many times before, if Willie had gone to Heaven, and when being answered affirmatively, asked, "Shall I see him there, mamma?" "Yes, Willie if you are good and try to get well." "Shall I see him there, mamma?" "Yes, Willie, if you are good and try to get well."
"Mamma, I love you and I love papa, but I want to go and see Willie. Good by, mamma, I am going to see Willie now." Before the mother could reach the child's side, he was dead—had died without a struggle, and without a gasp that could be heard—quietly, calmly, his little heart wore itself away from the effects of excessive grief.

### Mr. Thompson's Umbreila.

JACOBY & IKELER.

TERMS,—82 00 in advance. If not puld till the charged to the constitution and the Union that must be abolished, but science and thought also; for science teaches men to know that which is not feet.

RATES OF ADVERTIGING. "Augusta, I wish you would practice Chosuppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps, because The third after imitating the example of the first two in drinking blood, thus spoke:

When we have plunged white men back to the level and brutishness of the negro by taking from them their legal rights, science and thought, we shall have accomplished eyes. I should not wonder if that was the level and thought, we shall have accomplished much; but there will still remain something reason why I pleased none. I was said to be else for us to do. The brute has instinct and dangerous sympathies; therefore our subjects long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater should not hear the voice of any other peo- advantages than I had, went off at a premium ants pay thie in advance, all ple nor read any but abolition papers, for in the marriage market, and I remained fear if one should murmur and become rest- Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought I pitied him. less, another might be tempted to do the for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented same. Then do not let Democratic papers that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me, with vain efforts to And they all answered, "It is good coun- make them admire me, and make me like practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. ing blood and said: "We have our interests Thompson, who was to come this evening, and the people have theirs, which are directly opposed to ours. If they write to de- been invited to spend a week with us for the fend those interests against us how shall we express purpose of falling in love with his over-power them? Let us make division by second cousin's niece. I had not seen him unjust legislation on the tariff and bonds not | since I was a child. He was a young man taxed, that we may reign securely. Let us then, tall, dark and grave, and already on treate in every State, city and hamlet an interest opposed to the interest of every other State, &c. In this way all will be divided, hate each other and not write against us."

since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark and grave, and already on the road to presperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated hate each other and not write against us."

And all replied, "It is good counsel. Let I thought of all these things whilst I was us divide the people and the union that we | playing, and then forgot them, for the divine may always rule. Unity among the States | music bore me away, and music was a pas

sion to me then.
"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said man skull with blood and emptied it, said: aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. "I approve the measures; they are good turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave abolition regulations, but insufficient. For very little altered, and not at all old. We our purposes it is well to make men brutes had expected him for dinner, and he had by destroying the distinctions God has made | come to luncheon; I forget how the mistake between the races, and to frighten these arose. As he opened the garden gate he brutes, and strike terror into them by inex- met my aunt. They heard me playing, and orable laws, and cruel punishments, if you stood by one of the windows to listen. When would not sooner or later be displaced by I ceased, they entered the room, and it was mercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was a busy-body. She teased me unspoke first. My remark was scarcely a gra-

aet; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner The sixth drank blood, and said : "I ac- which was apt to startle strangers. I liked knowledge the advantages to be gained by it well, however. I liked that eccentricity our party from prompt, terrible and inevita- which never took him too far, and that slight ble punishment. But there are heroic and want of polish which gave great flavor to courageous souls who brave punishments.— everything he said or did. I liked all, exthe greater part of our dupes by robbing the | bright warm day, and long as our acquanit Treasury and raising corruption funds by ance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had pro-All answered, "It is good counsel. Let gressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," us exhaust the strength and energy and cour- said good humoredly. "I confess it is my age and patriotism of the people by corrupt- hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to

having drank blood from the skull like the Of course we did not speak about his umothers; said, with his feet on the prostrate lib- brella on this the first morning we spent toerty-pole and the Constitution; "Down with gether. Mr. Thompson praised my music President Johnson! There is war to the and, looking me full in the face, told me I death, eternal war between him and us! But played divinely. He said it without pream-how shall we alienate the people from him? ble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was she said abruptly. It is a vain effort for us alone. What shall delighted and I felt pleased; but somehow we do then? Listen to me. We must by or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson bribery, with riches and honor and power, treated me like a little girl; and so he did And they will command the people in the Tiresome man! I had thought him old be-

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with | from me. and hence through these bought hypocrites | us, but a month. Oh! that happy month, we can keep up perpetual strife, contention with long golden days and delicious evenings and ill-will and our abolition party power shall and music and sweet converse! Shall I ever And all answered, "That is our true polime remember the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I me.

tioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeing it, I suppose, she had ever stood | the bitterness was gone from my sorrow. between me and every good. She had taken "You must have a change," said my aunt the friendship of my best friend, the liking again.
of my nearest relative—I was not really my Ala aunt's niece, only her late husband's-and

calmer after awhile, and went in.

little heedless Jessie good-the poor childish fere; besides I could not bear to see

"What news, aunty?" I asked.
"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed.
"There's Jessie going to marry my cousin,
Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I
wonder what he will do with the little flirt." There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him. "What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Mr. Raymond's cousin?"

Yes; the same. Do you know her?" "I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."
He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart

'Perhaps it is not true, aunt," I said. "Not true! why she writes it to me herself-there's her letter.' I looked at him now. He was as pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my

aunt out of the room. "Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing toward the letter which my aunt had handed to me. I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same

composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in a cerner of the siting-room, he said very calmly: "I think I shall go and take a walk." And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us. My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr.

Thompson had not preposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value has gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved. She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out

of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busy-body," she called her-and I am afraid sure, she said, he had made love to me; and she looked at me with cruel significance as I am not sure that every girl would have cret nor mine; and though she vexed me

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?" I did not answer her. I went out into the garden and wondered how she had charmed bins. Alas! I might have by voluptuousness. Virtue is of no use to was large, soiled, massive and dreadfully ob- wondered how, without seeing it, he had us; it encourages resistance; let us control trusive. He had it in his hand on that charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought that I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one." I was always playing Chopin's march.
"My dear," said my aunt to me one even-

ing, "is not that very mournful?"
"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more. Mr. Thompson liked it," she said with

sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you, I was silent. "I wish I had never asked him here,

she resumed; "I can't help thinking-" "Don't-pray don't!" I interrupted. She did not insist but she made me go and name of God to submit to us in everything fore I saw him. I could not make him sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret

> "My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet." "No, aunt, he never will. But pray do forget it? If the awakening was bitter, let | not trouble about me. I mean to get over

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised 'You have always been the best of girls she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take and I bade him speak.

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting Ah, well! I suppose many women have to by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the go through the bitterness which came to me starry sky. The nightingale was singing then. Mr. Thompson had met my Cousin again as on that sad evening when I had felt Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes been accepted. From the moment he men- when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish, withered hopes; but

Alas! the change came in the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up now she had forestalled me in the love of the to her room and found her calmly sleeping.

old, named Willie, a young Newfoundland only man I ever cared for. Surely she was But, oh! too calm, to deep were those slumdog, which was also called Willie. The two not to blame for that, but, oh! how hard, bers. The kind eyes which were rested on became very much attached. About two how very hard, it seemed to me! The night- me in love, were closed, the voice which had ingale sang in the trees above us, pure bril- ever spoken in praise and endearment was of Mr. S., his leg broken, and he injured so liant stars burned in the sky, the garden was silenced for ever and ever.

Seriously that it was found necessary to kill full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her

side him, and upon no attention being paid At length, at my request, he left me. I grew best; but there was one who never came "Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," tence, who had no kind word for me, who said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had here here. The said my aunt are to go and to earl the tence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might who never offered a helping hand. He might have written, have condoled with me there. The said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom the disliked so, had he who never offered a helping hand. He might have before hand with me there. The said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom the disliked so, had he who never offered a helping hand. He might have before hand with me there. The said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. The said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back this free commentary upon his projection. The said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back the said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back this free commentary upon his projection. The said my aunt to come back the said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back the said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back the said my aunt to come back. And then, Magwhom to come back the said my aunt to come back the said to can take care of my self. The total my aunt to come back the said my aunt to come back the said to can take care of my self. The total my aunt to come back the said to can take care of my self. The total my aunt to come back the said

who that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been before-hand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said, and I believe I did. Something from myself was fine hand being the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening was very sorrowing. Mr. Thompwas in the music that evening and that two good arms. And I used this fermer, 'You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking down and little Maggy were born, and hid your seet that you would form one place to antother. 'You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking of the was that two good arms. And I used two good arms are good at that.'

you," he insisted, "and then you will do my with the widow, and I could only intersomething."
This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to good to the garden with I rose and went up to good to have the garden with I rose and went up to good to have the garden. The world with I rose and went up to good in the world." I was very wrong and them together. It was very wrong and went up to good in the world was very wrong and went up to good in the world. The world wrong and them together. It was very wrong and went up to good in the world was shot off while under orders confiscating cotton for his general, was home sick, helpless, and you were supporting him because he was my brother.

It was a sad day, Maggy, when I came to see me. I came to see darling. Besides, I have set my heart on them together. It was very wrong and nothing shall make me unsay it.

free, and if he chose to fergive her and that I want you to take care of me. marry her, and if she chose to marry once much older than you are, you know." more for money-I say it again-and what was it to me? all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again

upon that hateful string-that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear," added, "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. "What, is she not gone," he asked, "gone to London?" "No, indeed. What should she go to London for?" He did not answer that, but from something said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. "I wish she were, poor dear!" I replied: "it is a hard case to be so young

and so lonely. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door saying— "Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of that kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or, perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told

him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his coldness, and had come to make some sort of an excuse. He had none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and without waiting for an answer, I feared he was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carefully. "I trust you are well, Mr.

He said he was very well, and looked at the fire. For awhile we were both silent. I cious one.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had All answered, "It is good counsel. The liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good obstruction committee" is the prime lead-looking, and he was both shrewd and pleashe took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had indeed, been much engaged, but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, hadleft this morning. "She left in no very contented mood, believe," he resumed. "The balance in her

favor was low-lower than I had expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unlackily, these speculations can not be repeated often you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time-a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural, but you know I can not pity her

I supposed not, but all that cold hard talk

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my mar, of this tree for the old horse is tired. Isn't ketable value; is it now?"

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked. I dould not deny it. My face was in a

flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what. "Even you have heard it," he said, looking secretly pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you

knew me better.' He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no myself far my folly which was not dead yet,

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"Bt he added with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion-as your husband. Will you overlook all these pecularities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you do this?"

one of my bitterest moments. He cared so quick that little boys runs to open the gate. little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could And you, Mr. Thompson," I said at last.

"Well, what about me? Do you mean can I too do this?" "Yes; can you do it?" "Why, surely-else I had never proposed

He had half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he who have license to sell. smiled. Both look and smile exasperated

near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who brute's level—I can take care of myself."

| District was one with never came and the care of level and the level and

And yet I suppose it was something after call the word, but it was spoken, and he rose gave town bonds. These bonds ran me in with a clouded and disappointed face. He debt, for they were mortgages on our little with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, asked to know why it was no instead of yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I fell into a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again should ear!"

With a clouded and disappointed face. He firm. They amounted to five hundred dollars. Three bundred more than I had bounty. I couldn't help it, for while I was in the army it was easy for those who did not go to mortgage my farm in that way.

I lost an arm. I carned less than I would at home. I returned—I am now working, Maggy, to pay myself for going to war, for losing my arm, to keep Mr. Bond at home so that he could play with his wife and babies, speculate and get a political influence while I was fighting—not to restore the Union, but to enrich him.

we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah, if I could have said to him, "I cannot much for me, be happy with you, because I love and you do not; because my love and pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; besuffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poer Carlo's cold nose, thrust in the hand that hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red and looked "I have forgotten my umbrella," he said,

a little nervously. Yes, there it was in the corner, that horrid umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said persuasively, "I can not bear to give you up, indeed I can not. I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"You said you wanted to take care of me." "Oh, if we are to go back to that-" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of

women. Still I was not satisfied. "You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella," I said

with a little jealousy. 'Very true,' he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn, and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose.'

Perhaps he only said it to please me, but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and though years have passed overus both, I do not think so now.

## Soliloguy of a Poor Farmer.

"Beautiful!

"Let us stop here and rest under the shade this a beautiful house-just in the edge of - I would not answer that question; his the city. The grounds are clean, and the tone, his answer, vexed me. Suddenly he grass is kept cropt like the face of a new sharaised his eyes to mine. the trees are. And how many flowers there are all about the yard. Let us stand up in the wagon-the horse won't start for he is too poor and tired to run. Look at the roses, and the verbenas, and the evergreens, and the dahlias, and the fruit trees, and the statuary, and the nicely graveled walks, and the broad steps, and the double blinds, and the matting before the door, and the fancy stainjustification. Then he rather formally asked ed glass by the side, and the silver bell pull, to be allowed to mention the business that and the rosewood door. And, oh, look what brought him. So it was business! I scorned | a bright, pretty carriage. And how sleek the horses look. And how gay the driver is, with his uniform on. I tell you, Maggy, that

Ah, here he comes, stand up on the seat of the wagon, Maggy. It's an old seat-covered with an old blanket—but it will hold you. I can see down here. He comes out of the house. Here comes his wife. Ain't they dressed nice? And here comes their son and daughter on horseback. They are going out for a morning ride. Ah! They have started. See how the horses dance He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was down the drive to the road-and see how "What are we waiting for ?"

Please sir, we were looking, and didn't know but you would like to buy some butter, eggs, vegetables, chickens, berries, flowers or something of that sort. "Move on !"

All right. Sit down Maggy. We will go on to market. We can't sell anything except at market, for we have no license, and it would take all we have to buy a license. -We could get more for each load of our produce to peddle it out, but it's against the law, so we'll sell for what folks will give us "Why is this?"

Ah Maggy, I don't know. I wish I did. Phew! how the dust flies in my eyes as Mr.

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to And what did I find? Little Johnny was take care of you—true, fond, loving care; dead. Little Maggy was dead. My poor brother, whose leg was shot off while under

rather light, all the good in the world." I to me now, that accounts kept him so often could not bear it. I rose and went up to and so late with Jessie? They were both that I want you to take care of me. I am a friend of Lincoln's. He made war speeches free, and if he chose to fergive her and much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "no." Oh, how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was graden and be stay-at-home neighbors voted big bounties and escaped all the calls and drafts. They

Its pretty hard, Maggy, I don't care so much for me, for I'm growing old, and its little account a poor man is, dead or alive .-But you, Maggy-you are as dear to me as body, your kiss is as welcome to me as Mrs. Bond's kiss is to him. I know we can't wear broadcloth-norsilks-nor have a clean pair of undarned stockings every day-nor clean white underclothes every day. Nor can we have such soft carpets-nor such costly dishes—nor such fine horses—nor such a fine house as Mr. Bond has. We listen to the robin—to the canary bird. They ride out with their children-we walk out to the grave where ours sleep. We drink waterthey drink wine.

And, Maggy, your hands are hard with toil, but your heart is warmer, and dearer and truer than I think Mrs. Bond's heart is, for you never flirt your skirts in the faces of those who are still poorer than are we, and stick up your nose in disdain of poverty, as Mrs. Bond does.

I didn't enlist to get in an office when the war was over. Twould have done me no good if I had, for of course when I went away, I lost the run of public affairs, and was "Do I really like you? Why what else not fit when I came back-and I had no monev to win my election if I ha so I must work. You and I must work. We must sell our early garden produce—our fresh butter—early chickens—fresh eggs, &c., &., for these taxes must be paid. The tax gatherer does not stop at Mr. Bond's. He owns nothing but United States Bonds. They are green bills with red figures on them -like the green fields with the blood I lost from my arm spattered and spilled thereon. He has a hundred thousand dollars worth of these bonds. He bought them with the money he made out of the war. And there are no taxes to be paid on them. You and I, Maggy, with our little earnings and raisings -with our old horse and wagon-by working early and late-by selling the best and

using the poorest, pay all the taxes. We pay the interest on the town bonds-and we must pay the principal when the time comes. We must build the roads. We must build the bridges. We must erect school-houses.

We must pay the town officers.
Mr. Bond, the Bond Holder, pays nothng. The government protects him-but it can't protect the poor, one-armed farmer who fought to save the Union.

It can't protect the poor men of the land. as it did in Democratic days. The Bond Holder takes his case. He pays no taxes, for Congress says he need not. So he goes to the bank and swaps off his coupons for greenbacks, and the government pays the bank back for what it paid out, and pays it for the trouble. It's better to be a dog than a poor man-that is a poor white man. The poor black folks are fed, and it is you and I, Maggy, who feed them—not the Bond Holder. As if the poor white men of America were not of more consequence than the niggers who were freed that the white men might be slaves. How I wish the good old Democratic times would come again, when the rich Bond Holder would not be fastened upon poor people for support. So much for Republican blessings to the poe-

There is one man-one editor in the country who thinks as you and I do, Maggy. I wish every editor in the country thought so. I wish all the papers of the country would say with you and I. Maggy, that it is wrong to favor the rich and oppress the poor. There s one man in the country who dares talk oldly, as he does, when he says that it is cowardly, wicked, unjust and damnable to build up a Bondocracy at the expense of labor. It is cowardly to send-to hire-to drive-to entice poor men to war-to buy, barter and traffic on their poverty and their wants-to send them to the harvest of death, and while they are gone steal from them what they had-to bring them back slaves, bound in debt. Call you this equality? Is this the realization of the promise of Liberty gave? Is this what we gain by forsaking Democracy and building up an accursed Republicanism which grinds the life out of poor men! Oh, it is a shame-a di-grace-an insult to white men-a dishonor to the soldiers of the Union-a burning bitter wrong to the poor white women of America, that the only true patriots should be, by a Republican Congress, made the toiling slaves of a cowardly Bond-holding aristocracy who dance, and poverty. Give us equal taxation or repudiation!

speak, and told me to go and to earn the to working for a sure one, called at the house